

(for judy)

two
great
sweet
dark
luscious
redripe
strawberries
for us a
perfect

breakfast.
(fat
cold
plums
or
figs
would do as well)
the
point

is
this:
the king
and queen
of
love
should
always
feast

on such
delights
the better
to rule
most
happily
their
beautiful
kingdom.

This is how the west was won

so these old indians
up on the reservation
had got hold of some

old cars see, and had
drunk a lot of wine
and sort of went on

the warpath. they
raised hell till all
the old cars were

taken away and
all the old
indians too.

morning song: the city

morning comes over us
like a net. dew sparkles
the gray grass of side-
walks. withering more
each morning, mrs. kogan
calls to the milkman as
though he were the cow;
"you didn't put enough
cream in the milk again."
a response of some kind,
a word. mrs. kogan merges
with the gray front of
her house and disappears.
the sun on damp walks is
a signal. all up and down
the street,

a day starts to happen.

-- david sandberg

San Francisco, California